

NBA ALL-STAR

CHRIS PAUL

LONG STOP

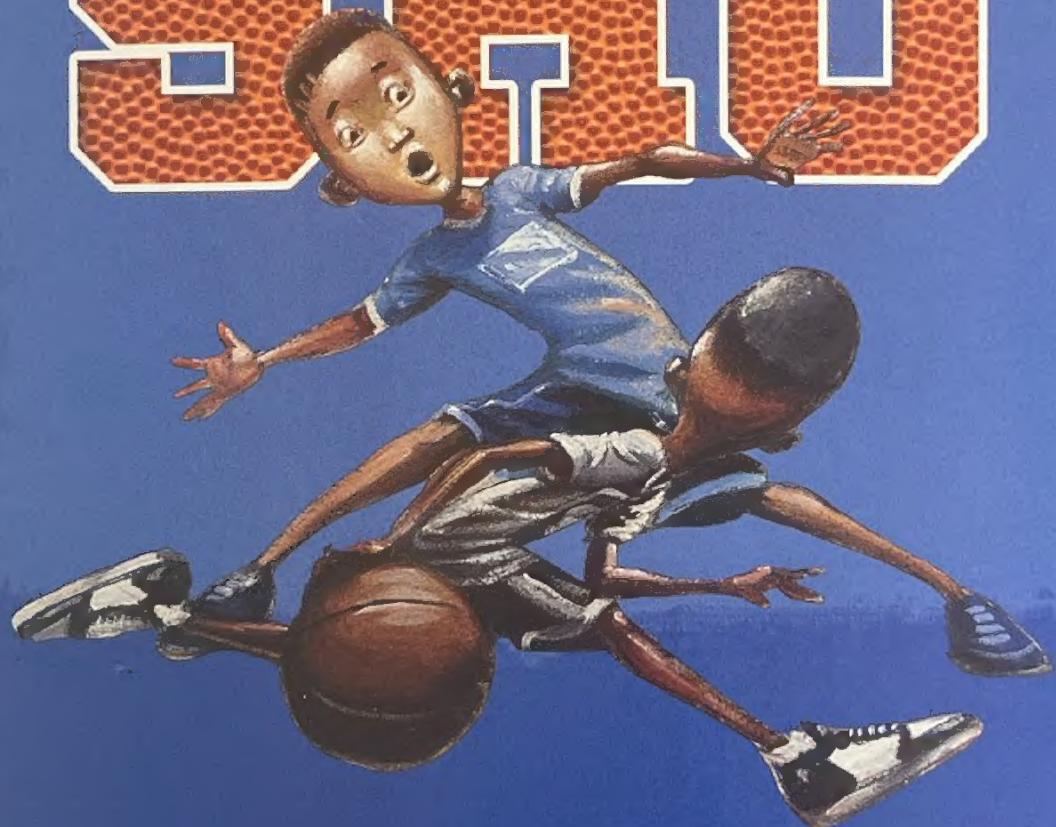


NEVER TOO SMALL TO DREAM BIG

Illustrated by FRANK MORRISON

 SCHOLASTIC

LONG
SHOT



With the most humble of hearts for the blessing of such a caring and supportive family and upbringing, I dedicate this book to my late grandfather, Nathaniel Jones.

I also want to express such gratefulness to all of my loving family. I am so thankful to each member—from the oldest to the youngest—for teaching me the true meaning of family, unconditional support, and for always believing in me, my dreams, and the endeavors life brings my way.

Thank you,
Chris

To my sons, Nyree, Tyreek, and Nasir. Never stop dreaming. They eventually come true.—F. M.

Scholastic is constantly working to lessen the environmental impact of our manufacturing processes. To view our industry-leading paper procurement policy, visit www.scholastic.com/paperpolicy.

The text for this book is set in Kosmik and Plz Print Brush.
The illustrations for this book are rendered in acrylic.
Book and cover design by Lucy Ruth Cummins.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing Division, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

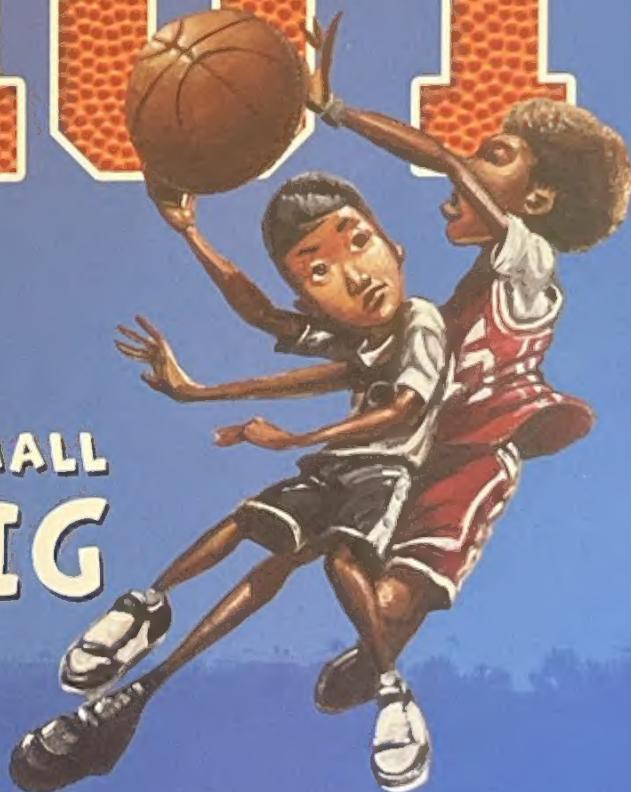
Text copyright © 2009 by Chris Paul.
Illustrations copyright © 2009 Frank Morrison.
All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012,
by arrangement with Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing Division.
Printed in the U.S.A.

ISBN-13: 978-0-545-34310-7
ISBN-10: 0-545-34310-0

SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks
and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

LONG SHOT

NEVER TOO SMALL
TO DREAM BIG



CHRIS PAUL

Illustrated by FRANK MORRISON

SCHOLASTIC INC.

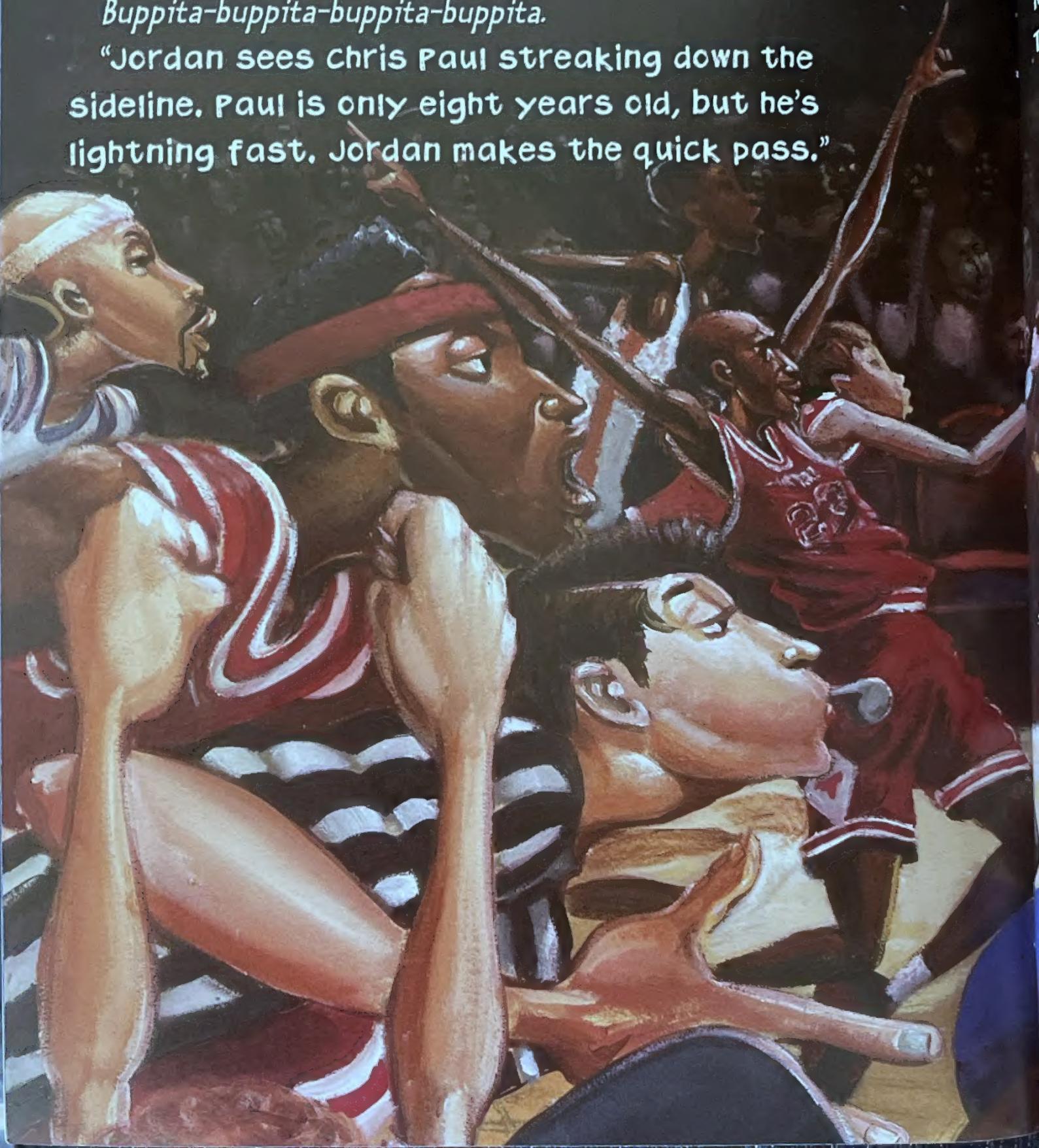
New York Toronto London Auckland
Sydney New Delhi Hong Kong

Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

“Michael Jordan is stalled in double coverage. He looks for an outlet.”

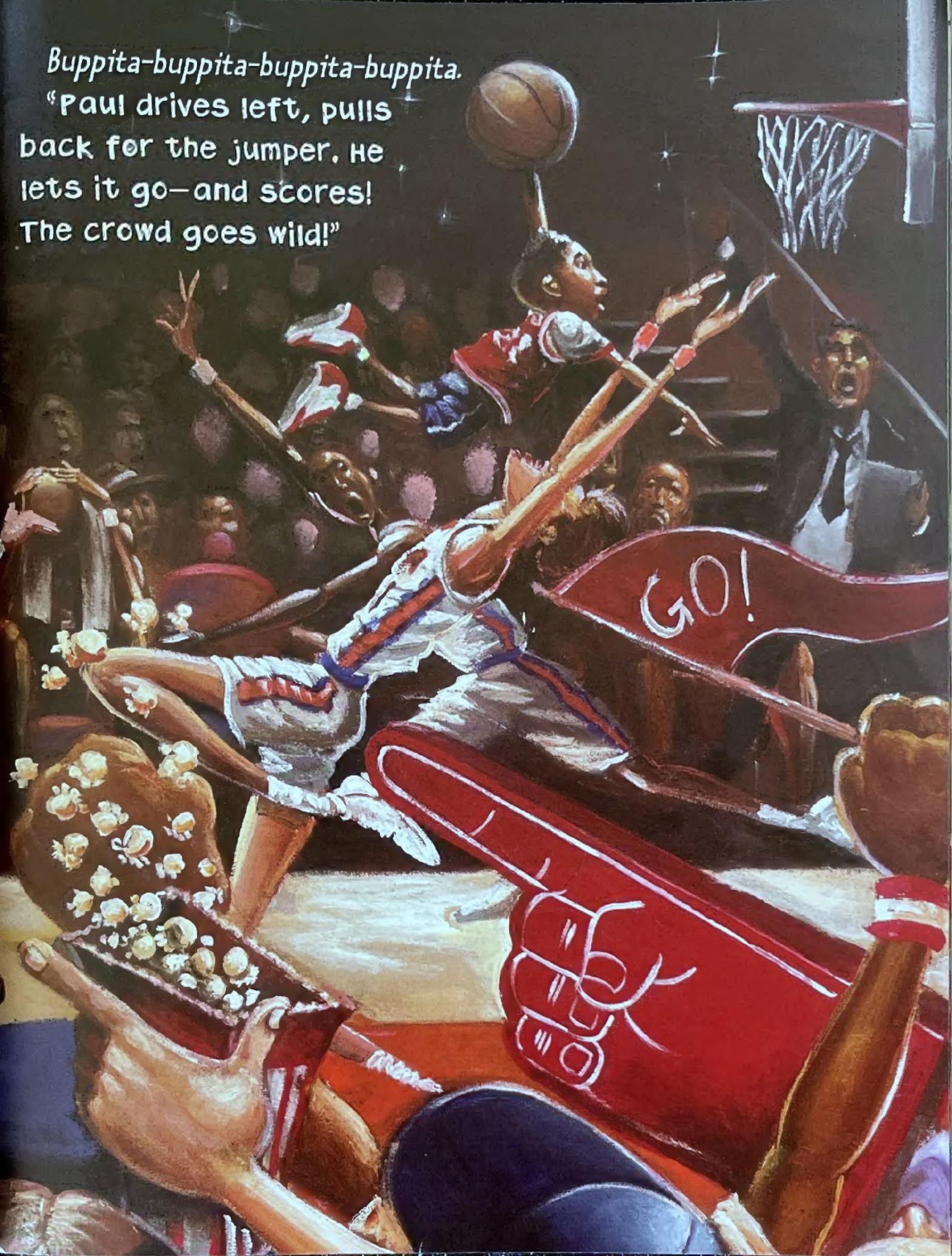
Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

“Jordan sees Chris Paul streaking down the sideline. Paul is only eight years old, but he’s lightning fast. Jordan makes the quick pass.”



Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

"Paul drives left, pulls
back for the jumper. He
lets it go—and scores!
The crowd goes wild!"



“In your dreams, Chris.”

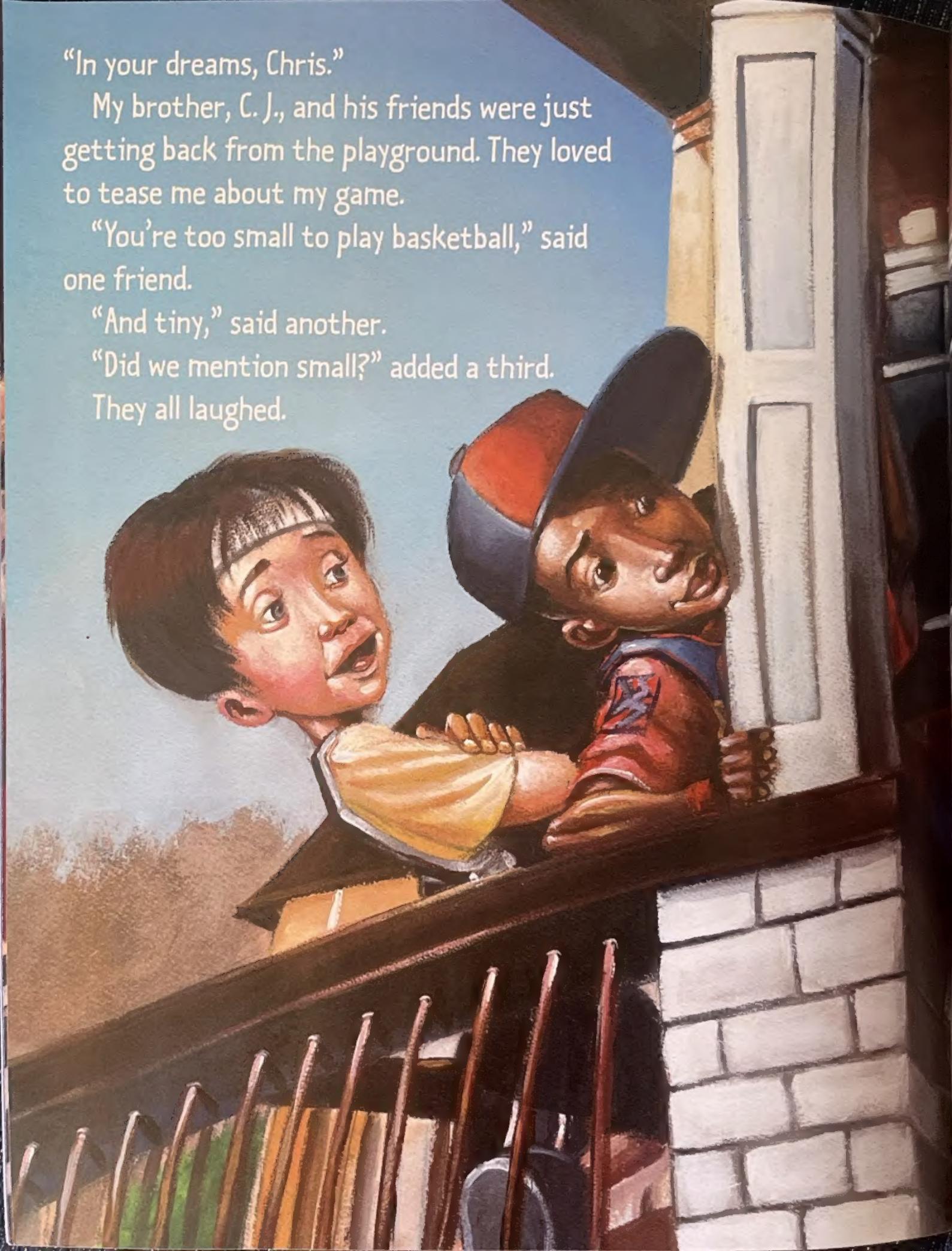
My brother, C. J., and his friends were just getting back from the playground. They loved to tease me about my game.

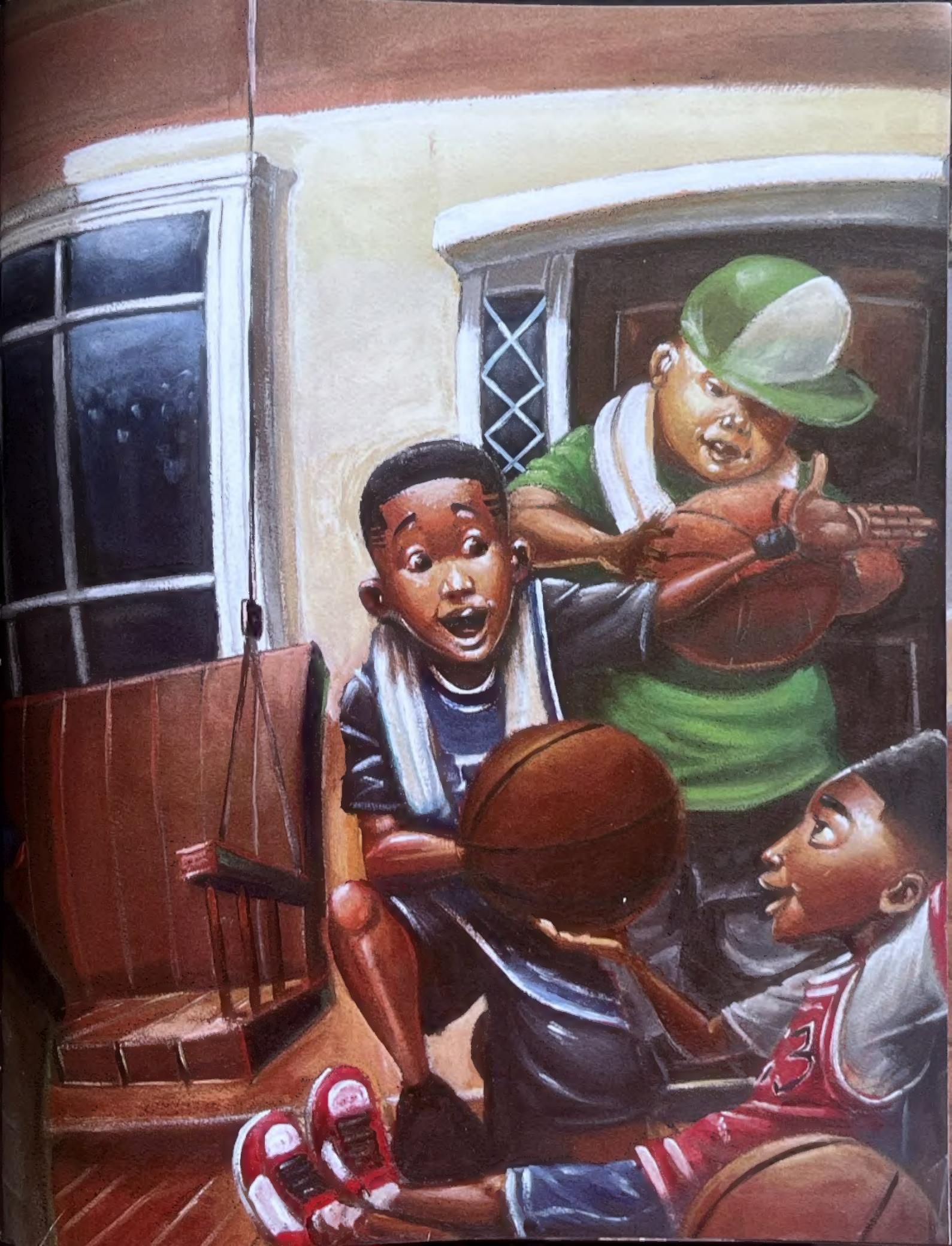
“You’re too small to play basketball,” said one friend.

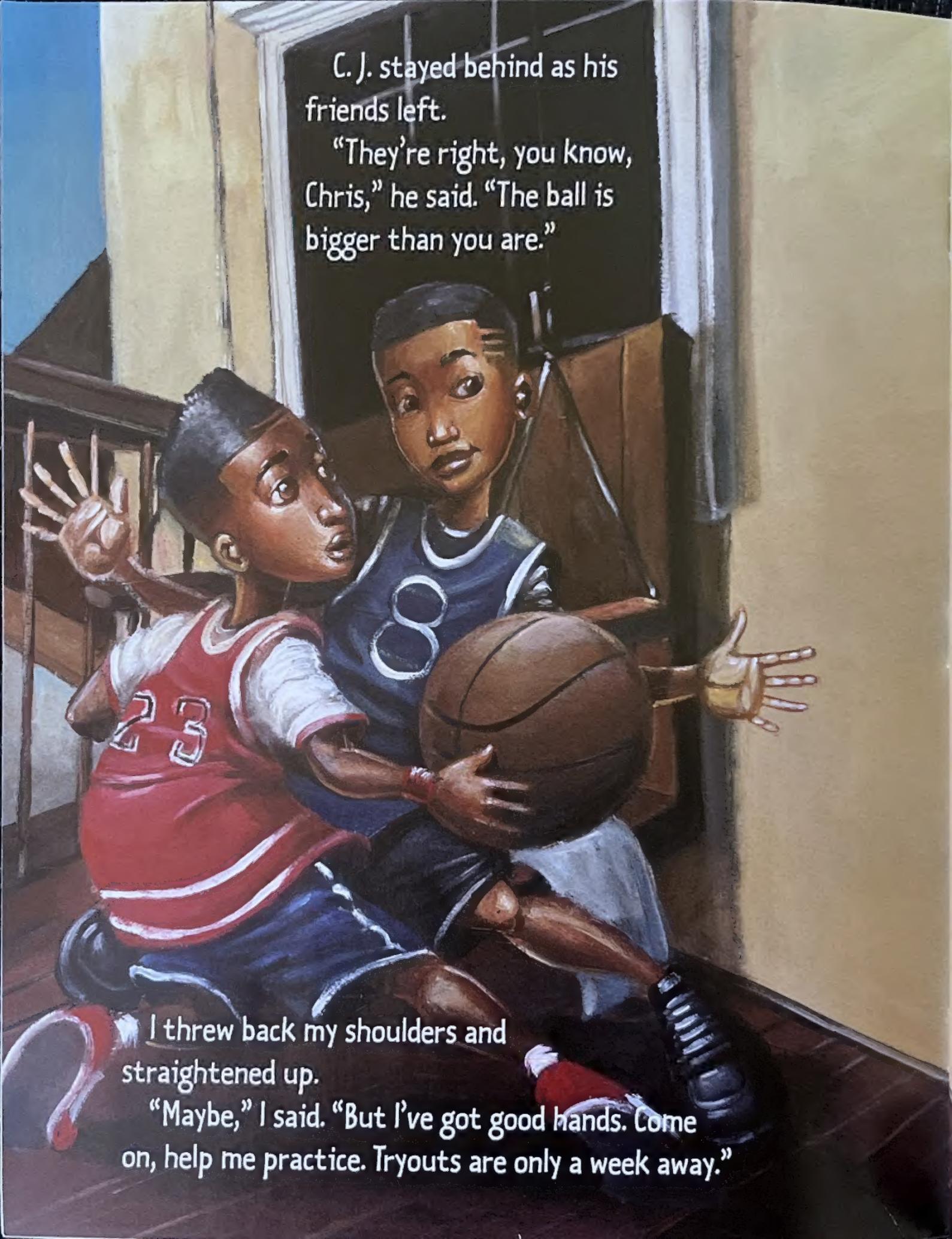
“And tiny,” said another.

“Did we mention small?” added a third.

They all laughed.







C. J. stayed behind as his friends left.

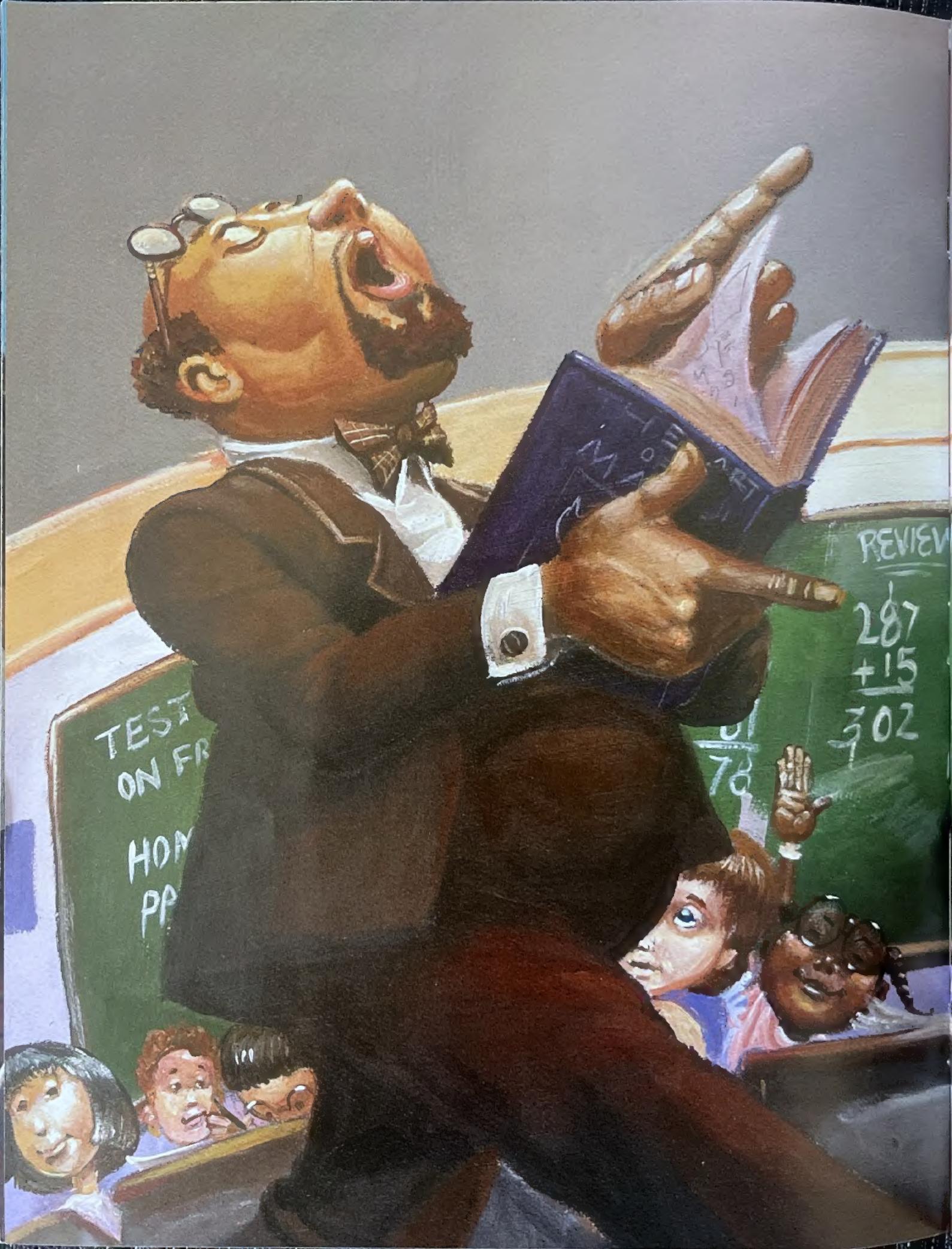
"They're right, you know, Chris," he said. "The ball is bigger than you are."

I threw back my shoulders and straightened up.

"Maybe," I said. "But I've got good hands. Come on, help me practice. Tryouts are only a week away."

A color illustration of a woman with dark skin and short, curly hair. She is wearing a striped, short-sleeved shirt and dark pants. She is leaning against a white door frame, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The door behind her has a diamond-shaped glass pane. To her right is a dark wooden cabinet with a brass handle. The background is dark.

"Hey," called our
mother from the
doorway. "What you
boys need to practice
is setting the table and
eating your vegetables.
Basketball will still be
there after supper."



TEST
ON FR

HOM
PP

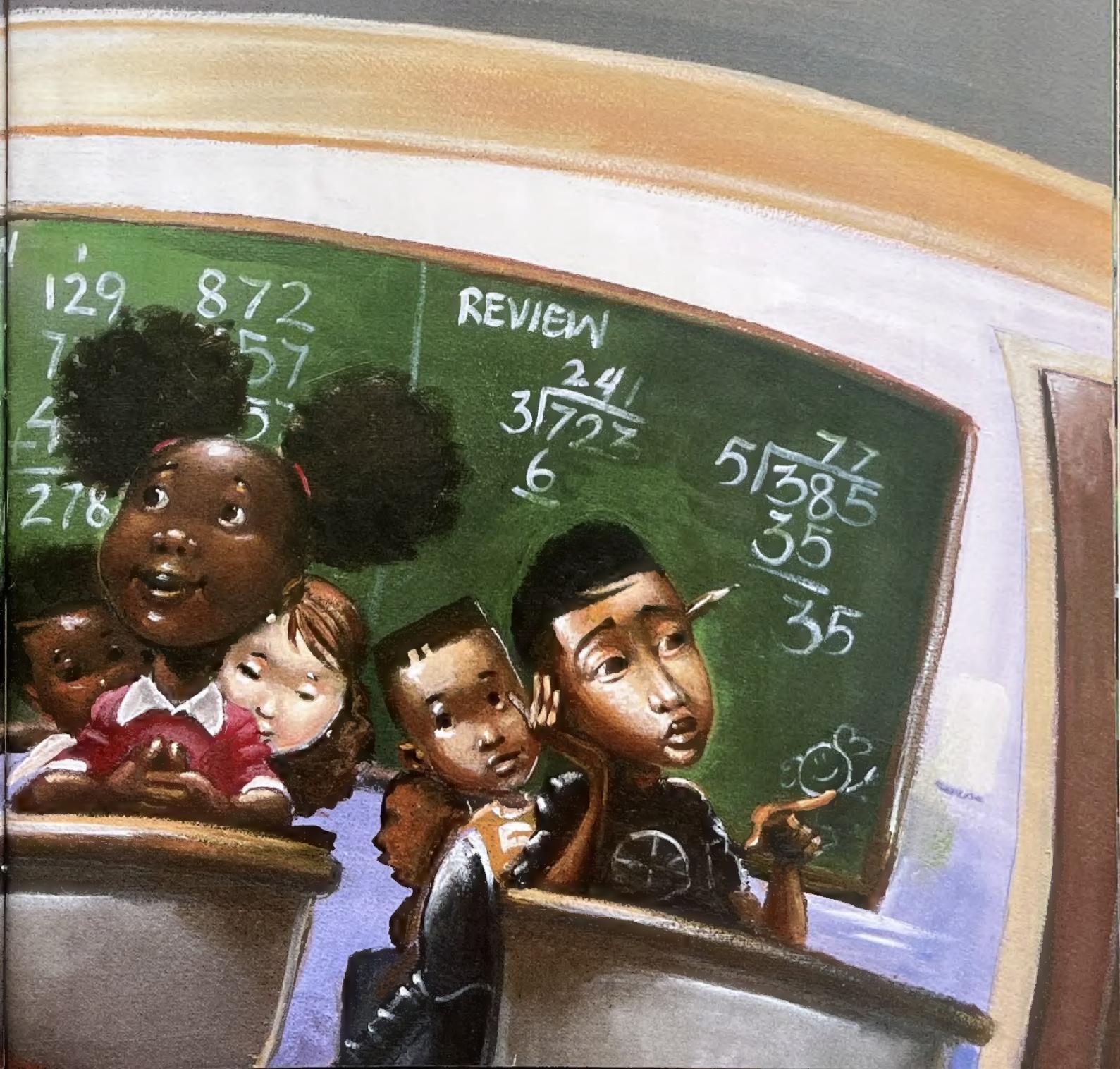
$$\begin{array}{r} 287 \\ + 15 \\ \hline 302 \end{array}$$

78



At school the next day I didn't pay much attention. All I could think about were the tryouts.

When my teacher talked about math, I remembered that the average height of a player in the NBA was 6 feet 7 inches tall. I was only 4 feet 1 inch tall. And I wasn't going to get much taller in the next few days.



That night I was lying in bed when Mom came in.

"What are you thinking about, Chris?"

"Coach is only going to take fifteen players. What if he thinks I'm too small?"

